

## pretty tears

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## pretty tears

by [luckylikeyou](#)

### Summary

Dream has a problem.

His problem is the fact that he gets turned on by crying, and his roommate happens to be the biggest crybaby on the planet.

### Notes

a reminder to read the tags. this is a fic about dacryphilia, a kink where someone gets turned on by crying. if you think this is gross or will weird you out, simply dont read it!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream knows he's a little fucked up.

He knows the thing that turns him on the most is, at best, very questionable. It's not a very common or vanilla kink. And even though he's not sure exactly when it started, or what caused it, he does remember the exact moment he figured it out.

Dream was 15, at the movies with some friends from school. He doesn't even remember what they were watching, some boring coming of age movie, but he recalls with clarity the exact scene. The

main character, a handsome young man, had just learned that his father had died.

And Dream got hard.

But not at some movie character dying, he's not *that* messed up.

He got hard watching the main character's eyes well up and spill pretty, glassy tears down his cheeks. He's not sure what it was about the boy's wet eyes and soft sniffing, but one moment he was calmly watching the movie, and the next he had a growing problem in his pants. No one noticed his predicament in the darkness of the movie theater, so he carefully waited for himself to calm down. After Dream went home and got over the embarrassment of getting hard at a movie, he came to a conclusion.

He gets turned on by crying.

It was the worst when he was a hormonal teenager. It didn't matter if it was a boy or a girl, if Dream found them attractive and they cried, he immediately got hard. It became a bit of a problem how little it took to set him off, but somehow, thank God, he was able to hide it, and no one ever found out. He has never ever disclosed this secret in *any* of his relationships, even if he was intimate with them. He only allowed himself to indulge in this kink through his extremely guilty imagination.

Thankfully, Dream has grown out of his hormonal teen years (for the most part) and can actually control himself from getting turned on if anyone even so much as gets teary eyed. He's fine, he has his urges under control.

At least that's what he originally thought.

The problem is his roommate, George, is a crybaby. And extremely cute. And maybe Dream has a little crush on him, but he prefers to ignore that.

What he can't ignore, though, is the blood that rushes south every single time George cries at a movie, or over failing a test, or even just dropping and breaking his favorite mug. It's always little, insignificant things that George cries over, and that makes it even worse. He apologized to Dream once for being so emotional, but he just patted George's shoulder and told him it was fine. Dream wouldn't ever say this to him, but he's not complaining about the free fodder for his jerk off sessions.

He's not really sure how he's hidden it from George for this long, considering George cries at least once a week and if Dream even hears it, he pops a boner. He feels extremely, extremely guilty every single time it happens, but he can't really help it.

George might be the prettiest crier he's ever seen. He's not an ugly crier like other people, it's almost beautiful the way he tears up. It starts with his eyes getting red and just a little wet, to his mouth screwing up and his cheeks flushing, and then, what tips Dream over the edge, are the pretty tears that start to drip from his eyes down his red cheeks. It's so fucking *perfect*, not even Dream's imagination could do better.

Both the best and worst part is that George always comes to Dream for comfort when he's sad. It feels nice to know that George feels comfortable enough to let Dream console him, but half of Dream's mind is focused on comforting George and the second half is focused on not letting George see the hard-on that's slowly forming in his pants.

It's not like Dream can just tell George to stop coming to him when he's sad, that would make him

a shitty friend and roommate. He wants to be able to reassure and console George without getting turned on and feeling so guilty afterwards.

But for now, he just suffers through his predicament, praying George never finds out.

...

Dream is startled by a sudden knock at his door.

It's around 10 pm and he's in bed mindlessly scrolling on his phone before he goes to sleep. Dream knows you're not supposed to use technology before bed or whatever, but everyone is addicted to the internet nowadays.

Dream knows the person on the other side of the door has to be George, considering they're the only ones in the apartment right now. That is unless George had a friend over, but Dream would have known about it if he did. They always share their plans with each other, and it's painfully sweet and domestic.

Because George always lets Dream know of his plans, he knows that George locked himself in his bedroom after dinner and said he was going to focus on his coding project for his computer science class.

"Come in," Dream calls out.

The door slowly creaks open and George steps into his room. In the dim light Dream can barely see him, so he leans over and flicks on the bedside lamp. When he turns back to look at George, his breath catches in his throat.

He can tell George is upset. His cheeks are red and he keeps sniffing and wiping at his eyes. *Fuck.*

"Hey, whats wrong?" Dream asks softly, sitting up in his bed and trying to ignore the heat spreading in his body. He gestures for George to sit down on the bed next to him, and he does so.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt you if you were about to go to sleep," George says with a shaky voice.

"No, you're fine, I promise," Dream reassures him. "What's bothering you?"

"It's stupid." George's voice cracks as he speaks. Dream can't stop his eyes from following the single tear that slips from his eye and down his cheek. George quickly wipes it away with the edge of his sleeve, and Dream almost wishes he didn't just so he could kiss the tear off his face.

"Even if you think it's stupid, it's still upsetting you. You can tell me what's wrong."

"I don't know, it's just... my code keeps breaking and I don't know what I'm doing wrong," George confesses. Dream can see his eyes welling up, and he keeps blinking to try and force it down. Some dirty part of his mind begs George to stop suppressing his tears just so he can see them run down his pretty face.

Dream shifts uncomfortably on the bed as he feels himself start to get hard. He pulls the blanket further over his lap to try and cover himself so George won't notice. It's completely pathetic how quickly he gets turned on every time this happens.

"I would offer to help, but I'm sure you know more about it than I do," Dream says.

"I'm sorry, there's not really anything you can do. I just wanted to talk to someone," George says in a small voice. When he lifts his head up to look at Dream, Dream's breathing stops and more blood rushes south.

It's so, so messed up, but he's completely hard under the covers. George's tears are just too... Dream doesn't know, pretty? Sexy? His cheeks are flushed and wet, and in the lamplight George's eyes are glimmering with unshed tears.

Dream swallows and has to take a moment to respond. "You can always come to me," he says. He wants George to know that he genuinely cares about him, even if the straining erection in his pants has every thought flying out of his head.

Dream shifts more on the bed, and George seems to notice his discomfort, even if he might not know the true reason behind it.

"Sorry... you're probably tired, I should go," he mumbles, standing up from the bed.

"Just let me know if you need anything, okay?" Dream says, trying to clear his mind which is cloudy with arousal.

"Okay... thank you, Dream," George says quietly, before exiting the room.

It's so fucked up, but Dream can't stop himself from reaching into his sweatpants as soon as George leaves. It doesn't take long until he's coming into his fist, and after he cleans up, he lies there feeling more guilty than ever.

...

Dream's problem reaches a peak when he does something that honestly is really, *really* fucked up.

"C-Dream I'm s-sorry I called you, I didn't want to interrupt your day but I'm r-really upset," George says through hiccuping sobs.

Concern immediately overrides his horniness, he needs to make sure George is alright. "No, no, George, don't be sorry. Are you okay?" Dream asks.

"I just got my test grade back and I f-fucking bombed it," George says while sniffing.

Dream sighs in relief. With the way George was crying he thought something seriously wrong happened. He knows George is still distraught, though.

"George, it's just one bad grade, it won't hurt you," Dream says gently. "Where are you?"

"I'm um—in my car on campus," he stutters. "I have class in 30 minutes but I just want to crawl in a hole and die."

"It'll be okay," Dream says, trying to console him.

Now knowing that George is fine, just upset, Dream can't continue forcing down his arousal. He could mostly ignore the warmth he was feeling in his stomach when George called him sobbing, but now the blood is quickly rushing south.

He can't stop himself from imagining what George looks like right now. Sitting in his car, talking to Dream on the phone with tears cascading down his face. Dream just knows he looks so pretty right now, he can picture George's red face and wet eyelashes.

Barely even realizing it, Dream's hand travels down to his cock. He slowly starts palming himself over his sweatpants while he listens to George snuffle over the phone.

"This test was worth a lot of points, and I studied for hours," George says, his voice breaking as he starts to sob again.

It's so fucked up, but Dream's cock throbs at the sound of George's sobs. He pictures in his mind what George looks like right now, crying in his car on the university's campus. His face is probably red, his eyes are definitely glassy and full of tears, he just knows George looks fucking *perfect* right now. He brings his hand up to his waistband and slips it inside of his sweatpants, muffling his moans as he wraps his hand around himself.

"I know, I'm sure you must be sad." Dream is trying to make coherent sentences that make him sound like he's engaged in the conversation when in reality he's touching himself while George has no clue.

"I r-really don't want to go to class," George says in a small voice, still sniffing and crying quietly.

Dream barely remembers to respond. "Everything will be okay," he says gently.

He has to stop himself from moaning as he strokes himself slowly, listening to George cry and imagining what he looks like. He wants to kiss the tears off of his cheeks and then kiss his lips until he's breathless. Dream's hand keeps the slow and steady pace.

"Thank you for letting me talk to you," George says and Dream hums in response, hardly paying attention.

He's still stroking himself as he tries to continue his conversation with George. "Mhm... I hope I made you feel better," he says. It feels so dirty, touching himself while George is completely unaware, but he can't stop himself. He wishes he could see George's face right now. He probably looks so beautiful.

He lets himself get lost in his imagination for a moment, and he can't help but to fantasize. He imagines tying George down, teasing him and denying him his orgasm until he cries. Or pushing George down on his knees and fucking his mouth until tears pour down his cheeks. God, he isn't going to last.

Dream barely registers George speaking as his pace starts to speed up. He can't muffle his moans any longer, so he quickly pulls the phone away from his face and mutes it, stroking himself faster until he finally comes, picturing George's pretty face wet with tears while he does. Dream moans breathily as he spills over his hand that's still shoved in his pants. It feels so good he almost doesn't hear George when he continues speaking.

"Dream? Are you still there?"

Dream quickly unmutes his mic. "Yeah Georgie, I'm still here," he says, trying not to sound breathless.

"Okay. I should probably go now," George says. Dream can tell he feels a little bit better, no longer full-on sobbing.

Dream attempts to talk as normally as he can while trying to catch his breath from the intense orgasm. "Alright, just call me if you need something."

"Thank you, Dream. I'll see you after class," George says with one last snuffle, and hangs up the

phone.

As Dream hears the dial tone, the reality of what he just did hits him full force.

*What the fuck?*

Dream honest to God just jacked off to his friend who was crying while he was on the phone with him. George was distraught and called Dream to console him, and Dream let his arousal get the better of him when he should have been focusing on making sure that George was alright. Dream was supposed to be comforting him, and instead he touched himself to just the *sound* of George's sobs. It's so wrong to think that he didn't even have to see the tears on his face in person, just picturing it was good enough.

The guilt is running Dream over like a bulldozer. If George found out, he would probably be grossed out and find it a complete betrayal of trust. Dream honestly doesn't know how George didn't notice anything, but he was probably too busy with his own problems. God, Dream is a shitty excuse for a friend.

This is a completely new low.

...

Dream can't even look at George after what he did. He hid in his room when George got home under the guise that he had a lot of homework, just so he didn't have to see him. Even just seeing his face is enough for the guilt to hit him like a brick. Dream thought his stupid kink couldn't get any worse, and then he goes and does whatever *that* was. Dream really, truly fucked up.

Dream feels so horrible about it that he's been completely avoiding George for about a week. He goes to class early and comes back late, locks himself in his room, goes to bed early, just about *anything* so that he can avoid meeting George's gaze and feeling the guilt claw up his insides.

And the worst part is he knows that George must have noticed by now that he's avoiding him, but it's not like he can explain why. He just wants to be able to interact with George normally, but he feels like shit just talking to George and pretending like nothing happened.

Dream is about to go to a random place and eat by himself for the third time that week just so he doesn't have to see George when he hears his door creak open. He whips around to find his roommate standing there with an unreadable expression on his face. The guilt comes back, freezing Dream from the inside out the more he looks at George. His heart starts to race. He needs to leave.

"Hey, I need to get going, I told a friend I'd be eating dinner with them," Dream lies through his teeth.

He gulps when George shuts the door behind himself. It's just the two of them in Dream's room now, with George obviously blocking his exit. Oh no.

"I want to know why you've been avoiding me," George says quietly.

"Georgie, I haven't been avoiding you, I've just been super busy," Dream says, hoping he sounds convincing. It makes him feel terrible, how much he's been lying to George lately.

"Don't lie to me," George says, and Dream winces. Bingo.

"George, I'm not-" Dream begins, but George cuts him off.

“Please don’t lie to me,” he repeats, but his voice is more vulnerable now. Unsteady and wobbly, like he’s trying to keep his composure but failing.

*Fuck, please don’t. This can’t happen now*, Dream is thinking.

“Please just tell me what I did wrong,” George says, his voice cracking on the last word. His eyes are starting to get a little red.

*No, no, no*, Dream pleads internally. *Not now*.

“You didn’t do anything wrong,” Dream says, but he can’t even make himself look at George, just staring around the room and avoiding eye contact. He knows if he looks at George, he’ll see the shiny tears welling up in his eyes.

“Then why are you ignoring me?” George asks in a pitiful voice. “You’re not even looking at me, Dream.”

He has to force himself to bring his eyes back to George. When their gazes meet, his heart stops.

It’s so goddamn unfair how gorgeous he looks like this. Dream has seen him crying dozens of times, but he’s never any less breathtaking. His cheeks are red and splotchy, his eyes are glossy with unshed tears, and his mouth is screwed up as he tries not to let his tears fall. *Cry*, the sick part of his brain says. *Make him cry*.

“I’m sorry, George, I don’t know what to tell you...” Dream says quietly, ignoring his sadistic urges. “I didn’t mean to make you upset.”

“But you did,” George says, the tears finally starting to fall.

*Shit*. This is absolutely, completely the *wrong* time for Dream to get turned on, but he literally can’t stop himself. His body just reacts naturally to the sight of George standing there, crying in front of him.

He’s obviously trying to keep his composure, but ultimately failing. More tears pour from George’s eyes as his shoulders start to shake, and Dream wants to both wrap him in his arms and comfort him, and also kiss him and tease him until he’s desperate enough to cry even more. He wants George to cry for him, but not out of sadness like he is now. He wants to make him beg and plead, touch him until he’s crying for Dream to let him come.

Dream can feel himself quickly becoming hard at his filthy thoughts, and he needs to get out of here, *now*.

“George, I really need to go,” he says, trying to go around George to get to the door, but George just sidesteps him and blocks him from leaving.

“No, you can’t leave until you tell me what I did wrong,” George says between his sniffles, wiping at the wet tear tracks on his face.

Dream knows he could just shove George out of the way, but he’s not that much of an asshole. He’s honestly at a loss for what to do now. It’s not like he can tell George the truth about why he has been avoiding him. But telling a lie would be equally bad, because he doesn’t want to just fabricate a random problem he would have with George that isn’t even real. He doesn’t want to lie to George anymore than he already has.

Dream tries to make his way towards the door again, but George puts his hands on Dream’s chest

to prevent him from moving forward. Dream could easily push past George's hands, but he finds himself standing still in surprise that George touched him. Dream's skin is burning where George's hands are laying flat against his torso, and now that they're closer, their height difference is much more apparent.

George is looking up at Dream with wet eyes and a pitiful expression on his face. Dream just wants to lean down and kiss him again and again until his lips are as red as his cheeks.

Dream can't stop staring at George's pretty face, and he's assuming George is flustered by it from the way his eyes begin to dart around. He looks at Dream's face, then around the room, then at his hands on Dream's chest, and then downwards, and then finally back up to meet Dream's eyes.

George has a weird look on his face, and Dream is about to ask him what's wrong when the next words that come out of George's mouth make his stomach drop.

"Dream... are you hard?" He asks quietly.

Oh god. Dream looks down at himself, and there's no question about it. Anyone could tell from the obvious tent in his pants that he is definitely hard right now.

"*Shit*," Dream swears under his breath, mostly to himself. How the fuck is he gonna get himself out of this? "I'm so sorry, George," he apologizes, quickly detaching himself from George's grasp and going to sit on the bed, trying to put as much distance between the two of them as possible. He runs his hand over his face. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

When he looks back up at George, he's standing in front of the door looking very confused. His eyes are still a little red, but he's no longer crying.

"Why are you..." George trails off quietly, but it's not difficult to fill in the blanks. *Why are you hard when we're in the middle of an argument?*

Dream takes a deep breath.

"It's because of you, okay?" He says quickly before he can stop himself, and George looks even more confused. Dream has to steel himself to actually continue speaking. "I've been avoiding you because you uh... turn me on," Dream whispers the last three words.

George looks completely dumbfounded at Dream's confession. "I turn you on?"

Dream buries his face in his hands again. "Yes, I'm so sorry."

And there it is. Dream finally said it out loud, and now George knows. He can't even bring himself to lift his head up to meet George's eyes, he's probably disgusted at Dream right now.

Dream jumps as he feels a hand circle his wrist. Somehow, George crossed the room without Dream noticing and now he's removing Dream's hands from his face so their eyes can meet. Guilt is eating him up as he looks up at George who is standing next to the bed.

"How do I turn you on?"

That's honestly the last thing Dream expected to come out of George's mouth. He expected to be cussed out, called disgusting, told to leave, anything but that. He didn't expect George to be standing here in front of him, asking what it is about himself that gets Dream going.

Fuck it, if he's already confessed to George that he turns Dream on, why not just tell him



everything?

“It's when you cry.”

George's eyebrows raise, but he doesn't say anything. Dream honestly has no clue what is going on in George's head right now, but he wishes he knew. George doesn't respond just yet, and the silence is overwhelming, so Dream panics and tries to explain himself further.

“It's messed up, but I've always had this weird... *kink*,” he whispers. “It turns me on when people cry.”

George nods his head slowly like he's trying to comprehend everything. “Does it happen every single time you see someone cry?”

“It used to when I was a horny teenager but now it's mostly when um—when someone I *like* cries.”

George looks even more surprised. Dream seriously just confessed his feelings for George. There's no going back now.

“Do you like me?” George asks in a small voice.

“Yeah.”

“God, Dream, why did you have to confess in this situation?” George says, but he's laughing.

Dream just looks back at him confused. Why is George laughing? Shouldn't he be repulsed right now?

“I like you too, you fucking idiot,” George says.

His mind is reeling. George likes him back? This can't be happening. Either this is some kind of dream or just a sick joke. But the way George looks at him, even through his red eyes, seems fond.

“Are you serious?” Dream asks.

“Yes, I'm serious. I thought you knew and that's why you were avoiding me.”

Dream takes George's hands in his, squeezing them gently. “God, Georgie, I literally had no idea. I would never avoid you because of that.”

George smiles wryly and squeezes Dream's hands back. “So now will you tell me why you were actually avoiding me?”

Fuck. Of course. Dream supposes he has to tell George now, doesn't he?

“I don't even want to say it, it's really fucked up...” Dream admits.

“Just tell me,” George demands, and Dream sighs.

“Remember when you called me because you got a bad test grade last week?” Dream asks, and George nods. “Well I um... *jacked off listening to you cry*...” Dream whispers the last bit. “I felt so fucking guilty afterwards, I couldn't even look at you.”

George is laughing again. “While you were on the phone with me? You're nasty,” he says, but in a lighthearted way. Dream is completely blown away by how well George is taking this.

“Are you seriously not disgusted with me? I felt so horrible. I still feel horrible.”

“No, it’s kind of hot,” George says, and Dream’s mind goes blank. Hot? George is actually into this?

Dream is shocked when George climbs up on the bed, straddling Dream and sitting on his lap. His erection had flagged while they were having a more serious conversation, but with the way George is looking at him and sitting on his thighs, it’s gonna be back up in no time.

Dream hardly even knows what to do with his hands. He lets them rest on George’s waist, and *fuck*, he’s so small in comparison to Dream.

“So it turns you on whenever I cry, hm?” George says teasingly.

“So fucking much,” Dream breathes out. “You’re so, so pretty when you cry. And you do it so often I thought I was going to lose my mind.”

“That’s hot,” George whispers with a smile, leaning in closer to Dream. “Kiss me?” He asks. Dream’s mind short circuits, but he delivers.

Kissing George is just better than he imagined it to be. It’s not violent or heated, just pleasant and warm. Dream just wants to relish forever in the feeling of *finally* being able to kiss him, something he has wanted for so long. George fits perfectly in his grasp, Dream’s hands resting on his hips and George’s hands cupping Dream’s face.

They pull apart and Dream studies George’s face for a moment. He’s so cute, with flushed cheeks and a small smile on his face. Dream’s breath catches in his throat when he sees how his eyes are still just a little red from him crying earlier.

“You don’t know what you do to me, Georgie,” Dream whispers. “Just so perfect when you cry, I don’t know how I held myself back for so long.”

“You don’t have to hold back anymore,” George says. “You can do whatever you want to me,” he offers, and Dream’s mind starts racing at the opportunities. George threads his fingers in the hair at the base of Dream’s neck and continues speaking, saying, “You can make me cry. It won’t take a lot to accomplish that, yeah?”

The proposition is just too enticing, Dream can’t pass it up. He grabs George’s waist tight and flips them around on the bed so that Dream is on top. From this position, he can see that George is now hard as well.

“You’re so pretty,” Dream whispers, running his hands along George’s body. He leans down to kiss George again. “Can I fuck you?”

George hides his face in his hands. “God, you don’t have to be so blunt about it.”

“Consent is key, Georgie,” Dream says as he gently pulls his hands away to expose George’s red face. “Yes or no?”

“Yes, please,” George breathes out.

Dream quickly strips George out of his clothes. He pulls his own shirt over his head as well, leaving his pants on for the moment. Dream runs his hands across George’s body, loving the way George shudders beneath him. It feels so good to finally be able to feel George like this, make him squirm.

“Touch me, Dream,” George whines.

Dream decides to be teasing. “What’s the magic word, baby?”

“Please-*oh!*” George gasps as Dream wraps his fingers around his cock, stroking him slowly. It’s so satisfying to have George writhing and squirming underneath his touch, completely desperate, just like Dream wants him.

“Faster, please,” George begs, and Dream obeys.

He jerks George off until he’s gasping, fingers wringing up the sheets. He can tell George is close by the whiny noises leaving his mouth and the way he keeps begging “*please, please*” under his breath. Dream keeps touching him until he can tell that George is right on edge, and then he removes his hand.

George whines loudly. “I was so close,” he whimpers.

“I know, baby, but I didn’t want the fun to end so soon, did you?” Dream asks, and George pouts.

Dream brings his hand back to George and starts touching him again, but more slowly this time. It’s just enough to be pleasurable, but not enough to get him off.

“Do you have lube?” Dream asks, and George’s eyes immediately dart away and his face gets a little red. It’s cute seeing him embarrassed. Dream wants to humiliate him until he’s in tears.

“Um, yeah... it’s in my room...” George says quietly. “In my nightstand.”

“I’ll be right back, don’t move,” Dream says with a quick peck to George’s lips, and crawls off the bed.

He rushes to George’s room, not wanting to waste any time. Dream quickly pulls open the nightstand drawer, rummaging through it to find the lube. As soon as he spots it, he snatches it up and hurries back to his room.

When Dream steps back into his room, he can see George has curled himself up in an attempt to hide. This just won’t do. He clambers back up onto the bed and forcefully pushes George’s legs apart once more. He lets out a little noise of surprise, and Dream can tell he’s still a little embarrassed.

“Don’t be shy, baby, let me see you,” Dream coos.

George reluctantly lets his legs be spread open further for Dream to slot into. Dream runs his hands along George’s thighs, fingertips grazing his skin feather-light. Dream loves the way he shudders.

Dream pops the cap of the lube open and pours it onto his fingers. “Are you ready, Georgie?” He asks, just to make sure.

“Yes, please touch me,” George begs.

Dream acquiesces and pushes a finger inside. He can hear George’s breath hitch as he moves it in and out, getting him used to it. It doesn’t take long until George is pleading for another one, and so Dream lines up a second finger and slides it in.

George is taking it so, so well. He’s just perfect in the way that he pushes back against Dream’s hand, and in the way he moans when Dream scissors his fingers. Dream can see that his blush has

spread all the way down his neck and onto his chest, which is now heaving with his labored breaths.

Dream inserts a third finger and George is now desperately rocking himself back onto Dream's hand again. Dream moves his fingers around inside trying to stretch George out, when suddenly George cries out and throws his head back.

"Found it?" Dream asks with a cocky grin. George can barely respond as Dream keeps rubbing his fingers against that one spot. He moans even louder when Dream reaches up with his free hand to touch George's dripping cock again, stroking him in time with the fingers pressing inside him. George is writhing under Dream's touches and the incessant stimulation. George's breathing starts to get heavier and his whining increases, and Dream can tell he's getting close, so he immediately halts all motion.

"No!" George cries.

Arousal pools in Dream's stomach as he meets George's gaze. He can see that tears are starting to form in his eyes. He's completely distraught at having his orgasm ripped away so mercilessly, Dream gets the sick urge to push him more, see how much he can take, how easily he can make him cry. His cock throbs as George begins to beg in a wobbly voice.

"No more, let me come," he pleads in the most pathetic way, his voice cracking.

Dream doesn't say anything and begins touching George again at the same pace he was at when he stopped, no gradual buildup like before. He gives George zero mercy in the way that he relentlessly stimulates his prostate, making him gasp and moan. He's so fucking gorgeous beneath Dream, spread out and crying for Dream to let him come. Dream wants to have him like this all the time, breathless and begging with red eyes shiny from tears. His moans are so hot and Dream gets high on knowing that he is the one causing them.

And just like before, right when George is about to reach climax, Dream ceases his movements.

A thrill like no other courses through Dream's veins when he sees the tears in George's eyes finally start to cascade down his face as he begins to sob. *Yes*, this is exactly what he has wanted this entire time. George's body is shaking as he cries from being denied release. It's so goddamn hot how the tears well up and pour down his face leaving wet tracks down his cheeks. Dream doesn't think he's ever been more aroused in his life than he is right now, listening to George beg between his sobs.

"Dream, p-please, *please* no more," he cries. "No more teasing."

He takes his thumb and wipes away the tears that are pouring nonstop from George's eyes. He is so fucking turned on at just the sight.

"Okay, baby, no more teasing," he says gently in an attempt to soothe George, who just cries harder. "Do you just want to come or do you still want me to fuck you?"

George looks at Dream for a moment through his vision still swimming with tears. "I want you to fuck me, please."

"Alright, baby," Dream whispers, pulling his fingers out of George completely. Just this action causes more tears to slip out of his eyes as he takes deep, shuddering breaths.

Dream quickly shimmies out of his pants and underwear, tossing them carelessly into the floor. He retrieves the lube bottle and pours more out onto his hand, which he then coats his achingly hard

cock with. It feels so good to finally touch himself he almost wants to keep going, but he knows being inside George will be even better. Dream lines himself up with George's hole and starts to push in.

It's so fucking warm and tight, Dream's not sure how he doesn't come on the spot. He hasn't touched himself this whole time and he's been hard since George started crying during their argument, so even the slightest amount of stimulation feels heavenly.

"You're so good," Dream praises under his breath. "Taking me so well."

George just whimpers as he slowly gets filled up. Dream can't take his eyes off of George's face, everything about it is just perfect. He wants to see George like this all the time, tears pouring down his face and needy pleas coming from his mouth.

Dream moans as he finally bottoms out, their hips pressed flush together. He leans down over George, caging him in and pushing him down. Their mouths meet again, and Dream's cock throbs again when he tastes the salty tears on George's lips. He starts to kiss the corner of George's mouth, and then his lips travel further onto his cheek where he can taste the tears even better, licking them up as soon as they fall down his face.

"Dream, please move," George begs.

Dream starts moving his hips, beginning at a slow, steady pace. George lets out little moans with every thrust, his arms coming up to wrap around Dream's neck. It feels so good, finally being inside George, Dream never wants this to end. He leans back, trying to get a better look at George's face.

"You're so beautiful," Dream whispers. "Want you like this all the time," he says, rolling his hips into George as he speaks. "Want you here underneath me, *mine*."

George moans. "*Yours*, please go faster."

Dream does as he asks, thrusting faster as he takes George apart. George's hips are pushing backwards desperately, and it's almost kind of cute. Dream reaches down and takes George's cock in his hand, stroking it in time with his thrusts.

At the increased pleasure, a new wave of tears starts to well up in George's eyes. George is the most beautiful like this, Dream thinks, crying underneath him. George is sobbing at the nonstop abuse to his prostate, and the tears finally break the floodgates and pour down his cheeks.

Dream can't stop himself from kissing the tears off his face again. Just the taste of the salty tears on his tongue sends arousal coursing through his body, and he keeps licking them off George's face like he just can't get enough. He's thought about this before, what George's tears would taste like—they're even better than he imagined.

Dream isn't going to last at this rate, so he starts to speed up both his thrusts and the pace at which he's jerking George off. George's back is arching at the sudden quickened movements and his moans get higher and breathier. It's like music to Dream's ears, and he can't get enough of it. Dream keeps the fast tempo as he leans down to whisper into George's ear.

"Do you want to come, baby? Want me to make you come?"

"Please, *please* Dream, let me come." George's voice cracks as he speaks, his throat hoarse from all the crying. Dream leans back to get a better look at George's pretty face.

“Hmm, what if I don't?” Dream teases with labored breathing, his pace never slowing down. “How about I just stop and edge you one last time?”

A fire starts to burn in Dream's stomach when he sees the distraught look on George's face at the prospect. Tears spring to his eyes again and start pouring down his cheeks, and he starts babbling nonsense through his sobs.

“*No!* No, no, please let me come, you *have* to let me come,” George begs, his entire body shaking. “I've been so good for you, I've cried for you, let me come, please!”

Holy shit, his desperate rambling is about to tip Dream over the edge. George *has* been good, he has let Dream make him cry, and he deserves a reward.

“Because you've been such a good boy, you can come,” Dream says as he starts stroking George even faster.

A broken moan that leaves George's throat as he comes. His back is arching off the bed as he lets out a series of little whiny moans while he spills his come over Dream's hand and onto his stomach. He lies there while Dream keeps fucking him, trying to catch his breath. Just the sight is so hot, Dream can't hold himself back any more.

Dream swears under his breath as he pushes in as deep as he can and comes. He can't stop himself from moaning loudly at the feeling, it's so fucking good. He thrusts in and out as he tries to ride out the last of his climax, and he can feel George squirming underneath him at the overstimulation. It's one of the most satisfying orgasms he has ever had, just finally getting release from the sexual frustration he has been dealing with for months.

Dream pulls out and lets himself fall on the bed beside George, exhausted. He pulls the comforter over both of their sweaty bodies.

They make eye contact, and George laughs slightly. Dream smiles back at him and wipes the remaining tears off his cheeks with his thumb.

“So that happened, I guess,” George says quietly. He's still so breathtaking, even with a hazy, fucked out expression on his face and eyes red from crying.

“Yeah, I guess it did,” Dream affirms. He takes a breath before asking, “So you're not disgusted with me, right?”

George snorts. “Dream, I just had sex with you. If I had a problem with your kink, I wouldn't have willingly participated in it.”

Dream sighs in relief. “So... can we do this again sometime?” He asks sheepishly.

“Ugh, you're going to act shy after you just fucked me until I cried?” George scoffs, pushing Dream's shoulder and laughing. It's painfully fond and loving, the way they look at each other even after they just had kinky sex.

“You didn't answer my question,” Dream points out. George rolls his eyes.

“Yes, we can do this again,” he says, leaning in for a kiss. Dream wraps his arms around George and kisses him back, holding each other gently. Worst and best day of his life.

## End Notes

edit: ik yall are coming from tiktok but this isnt a tiktok comment section, please offer some useful comments instead of memes

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